

THE  
**MIRROR OF THE STAGE,**  
AND  
**New Theatrical Inquisitor:**  
CONSISTING OF  
**ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,**  
**CRITICISMS**  
ON THE  
**NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS:**  
**ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,**  
&c. &c. &c.

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Embellished with an elegantly engraved Portrait of

MR. EMERY,

As DANDIE DINMONT, in "Guy Mannering."

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### ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Mr. MATHEWS, after exhibiting his entertainment to an audience as crowded and enthusiastic as on the first night of its production, delivered the following farewell address.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In once more taking my leave of you for a season, I wish I could think on something to say, which would entitle you to exclaim with our late friend, *Mr. Bray*—‘Well, I never heard that before;’ but the language of grateful acknowledgment is soon exhausted, however unbounded may be the feeling that prompts it. To say that I am proud of your applause, and grateful for your kindness, is a ‘twice told tale,’ which has been more than thrice repeated; but be assured, that the undiminished favor I have experienced has, year after year, increased my anxiety to merit your smiles, and will leave an indelible recollection on my heart when I, and my humble efforts to amuse you, may perhaps be forgotten. While thus encouraged, it would be affection, if not ingratitude, to talk of retiring from public life. While I continue, therefore, to receive your approbation, I shall continue my endeavours to deserve it; and trust I shall next year be able to present you with something, at least as well deserving your attention as any thing I have heretofore had the pleasure and honor of submitting to your notice. With this hope, and the gratifying anticipation of soon meeting you again, I most respectfully and cordially bid you farewell.

This house has re-opened with a greater strength of company than has ever been collected together

at a summer theatre. *BRAHAM*, Miss *STEPHENS*, *MATHEWS*, Miss *KELLY*, (Miss K. alone ought to fill the English Opera) are all advertised, in addition to many new and old favorites, among whom, re-appears *GRIMALDI*.

### DAVIS'S AMPHITHEATRE.

“Waterloo,” excited less interest in fact than it does in story at this house, which is as much thronged as ever. The production of the piece should be a matter of much acknowledgment on the part of the Duke of Wellington, as the world seemed growing blind “to his great skill in giving knocks;” when out steps Mr. *GRIERSON* with a congenial “wooden look” which happily assists the delineation, and struts and flourishes with a very satirical fidelity. Many a man has been saved from oblivion by a temporary place among the family portraits,—“so let it be with Cæsar!”—A new piece has been produced under the title of “*Dast Meg*,” with decided success; it is effective, but heavy, and receives no very powerful assistance from the acting. Mr. *DUCROW*, we are happy to say, *CONTINUES* his exertions, which is somewhat strange, considering the astonishing and perilous nature of his performance.

## Theatrical Chit Chat.

Miss *HALLAND*, of Covent Garden Theatre, has arrived in Dublin, and will make her first appearance there on Monday evening.

Mons. *ALEXANDRE*, the celebrated ventriloquist, is delighting the inhabitants of Greenock, Scotland, with his astonishing performances. The theatre has been crowded on every night.

CLARA FISHER is playing with great applause at Cork, her reception has been enthusiastic.

The Swanee Theatre, under the able management of Mr. *M'CREADY*, opened on the 28th ult.

THE  
**Mirror of the Stage;**  
AND  
**NEW THEATRICAL INQUISITOR.**



“To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;  
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;  
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure.”

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No. 20.] MONDAY, JULY 5, 1824. [Vol. IV.

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THE LATE MR. EMERY.

WITH our present Number, we had intended to have presented our (numerous) readers with a portrait of a highly distinguished and amiable actress; and had anticipated the acknowledgments of the dramatic public for the good taste which we had displayed in selecting such a subject to face our title-page—until the appearance of a new number, however, we must forego our claim to these congratulatory tributes, as the young lady has been obliged to leave town before our artist had completed his performance. In the mean time, the admirers (that is to say, the whole dramatic world) of the lamented JOHN EMERY, will we trust, be awakened to some reminiscence of a set of features, which, with that enthusiasm of mind which exercised and ruled them, have left no reflection behind them but that which endures in the remembrance. They will not at least be displeased at one more effort being made to perpetuate the name and memory of a man who surpassed, infinitely surpassed, most, and equalled in degree, any actor that ever rendered the light of his little day useful and exhilarating in itself, and vivifying to future time. For ourselves, there are few things wherein we have so little faith as in the continued assurance

that the loss we sustain in the departure of any object that has influenced or delighted us can never be compensated. With the most elevated opinion of the ancients, we have yet too high a reverence for the genius of our own time, to imagine that genius incapable (we had almost said) of any thing that has been attained by the comprehension of man. Whole centuries have passed away since the departure of a HOMER, and a SHAKSPEARE; and who, at the commencement of the present, could have hoped for the rise of that BYRON who has so illuminated and distinguished it. Yet instances of extraordinary talent, though, thank heaven! not few in themselves, are nevertheless rare indeed, when we consider the extension of mankind, and the multitudes that hourly drop away, unconscious of all but that they see, and toil, and live—and shall one day die. Nor is there wanting in these days, notwithstanding the east and imbecility which such men as IRVING so profusely disseminate, discrimination to encourage and feed the flame which great talents kindle, like watch-fires on a mountain. Each man too, whether from habit or old association, has his peculiar object to admire; not always from a sense of super-exalted

me:it, but from predilection and circumstance. We will confess that JOHN EMERY excited in a high degree this species of favoritism in our mind: yet shall we stand excused when the comparative excellence of the actor is considered and appreciated. His merits may be briefly summed up—he was a man who studied in the great school of nature only; he borrowed little from artifice; and had no living counterpart. His discernment and energy drew forth a rich originality from the earth, and its value was never frittered away by a false polish and refinement. His impressions bore the express stamp of that nature whom he loved and followed, and came forth from the furnace of mind with that heat and enthusiasm which might be moulded to uncouth and gigantic forms, or tempered to the rude likeness of unambitious pretension. EMERY's pictures had none of those temporizing qualities that glow and subside again, and which characterize almost all the performances of the day—he never suffered them to cool. His *Giles, John Moody, Robert Tyke, &c.* (notwithstanding some very creditable efforts) are still, and we prophecy that they will *reign*, unequalled—until some new EMERY, the direct and assured representative of him who has gone, shall appear to do what he has done; no other man can faithfully fulfil the charge. We have a particular recol-

lection of his *Grave-digger*; it was the last time we ever saw EMERY—and never do we come to the 5th act of *Hamlet*, without instinctively calling upon the spirit of that great actor to accompany us through the scene. In the character in which our plate represents him, though not rivalled in force, he has been finely followed by SHERWIN, whose *Dandie Dinmont* (the only one, perhaps, at present on the stage) *convinces* us that he must have talents, yet undeveloped, which may go far to supply the deficiency.

Let us then cherish the recollection of JOHN EMERY, since memory must be the actor's fame. When the painter leaves his canvas, the sculptor his stone, and the poet his volume, the labours of such a disciple of nature should be registered in the mind, since he can leave no legacy but his name. We are told the "poor player," has but an hour of renown; let us not then deprive him of a second of that hour; but let us, in our old days, (for we are not your time-wrinkled, silver-bearded, critics) think upon EMERY, as of one who delighted and informed thousands, and who, by a curious knowledge of human character, investigated the minutest strings by which it is moved, comprehended his own being as well as that of others, and extended his right hand to sign and seal the good bond between man and man.

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## Theatrical Diary.

### DRURY-LANE.

May, 24th, *Merry Wives of Windsor*—25th, *School for Scandal*, *Ballet*, *Love, Law, and Physic*—26th, *Hypocrite, Liar, My Grandmother*—27th, *Speed the Plough*, *Deaf as a Post, Killing no Murder*—28th, *Tempest, Giovanni in London*—29th, *Road to Ruin*, *Ballet*, *All the World's a Stage*—31st, *Poor Gentleman, Past Ten o'Clock*—June 1st, *Comedy of Errors, No Song no Supper* 2nd, *Cabinet, Two Wives, Killing no Murder*—3rd, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Ballet*, *Monsieur Tonson*—4th, *Rob Roy, Zoroaster*—7th, *Hypocrite, Liar, Two Wives*—8th, *Hypocrite, Liar, Two Wives*—9th, *Henry VIII, Three Weeks after Marriage, Tom Thumb*—10th, *Comedy of Errors, Deaf as a Post, Revolt of the Greeks*—11th, *Every one has his Fault, Sylvester Daggerwood, Simpson and Co.*—12th, *Guy Mannering, Revolt of the Greeks*—14th, *Coriolanus, Matri-mony, Giovanni in London*—15th, *Merry Wives of Windsor, Revolt of the Greeks*,

—16th, *Rivals*, *Blue Devils*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—17th, *Wild Oats*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—18th, *Man and Wife*, *Lover's Quarrels*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—19th, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Liar*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—21st, *Coriolanus*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—22nd, *Poor Gentleman*, *Sylvester Daggerwood*, *Modern Antiques*—23rd *Henry VIII*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—24th, *The Jew*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—25th, *Dramatist*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—26th, *Road to Ruin*, *Revolt of the Greeks*, 28th, *Hypocrite*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—29th, *Devil's Bridge*, *What Next*—30th, *Wonder*, *Falls of the Clyde*

#### WILD OATS.

This is decidedly O'KEEFE's best production; it is one of those light, pleasant comedies, which we can witness and derive the same satisfaction experienced by one, who, generally dining on "roast and boiled," occasionally varies his repast on ham and salad, which, satisfying with its flavour and lightness, sharpens at the same time his appetite for the accustomed substancials. In "*Wild Oats*" there is little originality of character—irascible old men, bluff sailors, warm-hearted prodigals, and bailiffs, have been time out of mind the "authors' play makers;" but the smooth and unassuming nature of the language, and the familiarity and whimsical situations with which it is scattered, render its performance comprehensible by all intellects, and disagreeable to none. It is certainly a piece requiring very good acting for its support, and should be seen on the stage previous to being read. ELLISTON's *Rover* is perhaps the only one on the stage, at least in London; it is a character that absolutely requires such a man as ELLISTON, one whose humour is mellowed by the sun of time, and whose fruits of whim and eccentricity should drop from their branches, and irresistibly fall into the laughing mouths that surround the spot. ELLISTON, when attentive, and—and—must we say it?—sober, possesses all "this sort of thing." DOWTON's *Sir George Thunder* was as peppery and as highly-seasoned as the most epicurean gourmand of dramatic "tit

bits" could wish; and TERRY'S *John Dory* was served up with the best sauce that talent could furnish. KNIGHT's "bit of fat" needs little eulogium, his *Sim* was all nature, all that we have seen in the world, and hope to see again. This correct actor is the only one on the stage who has studied in the school of the late Mr. BLANCHARD, the original *Sim*. It is a school that we almost despair of seeing continued after the present dynasty, its requisites being so rare and so peculiar. It is a delineation of rustic character, widely differing from the powerful school of EMERY, though equally admirable, the one all nerve, weight, and force, the other light, neat and simple—indeed EMERY, in some of his characters, might not unaptly be called a *low tragedian*—the former school possesses its source of feeling, which, delighting while it draws forth the tear, makes us wish to do a kind action, or have something to cry about; the latter melts the heart, makes a lasting impression, and mingling terror with its sympathies, awes us to the sense of evil, or the emulation of goodness: at the drolleries of both we laugh the same hearty laugh, and almost imagine the dialects of Yorkshire or Somersetshire as poetical as the sounds uttered within the chime of Bow bells. There is much to admire in both their characteristics; but while we are gratified in perceiving poor EMERY has his followers, we are afraid that with KNIGHT will depart the peculiar excellencies imbibed by him from his own study of nature and the

before-mentioned model. From this digression, we return to "*Wild Oats*,"—BROWNE was announced for *Ephraim Smooth*, but we were taken by surprise with the appearance of GATTIE—here we already felt the blank of MUNDEN's retirement, and we said with St. Peter, "there's another star gone out I think." It is reported DOWTON intends emigrating to America; if so, the milky way will be in danger of an eclipse. Mrs. W. WEST looked *Lady Amaranth* "pretty and well"—the rest, residue, and remainder were—but our grandmother always said, "there were good and bad of all sorts."

A new melo-drama called the "*Revolt of the Greeks*," followed; it was the thrice told tale of escapes, battles, seiges, and distresses, and the only recommendation we perceived it to have, was some excellent acting by KNIGHT and Miss BOOTH, and some beautiful scenery by STANFIELD. The plot, as ADDISON says of the ways of Heaven, was "dark and intricate"—and our understandings traced it in vain. It was got up, we imagine, but to serve a temporary purpose, and to prolong the season as much as possible.

#### POOR GENTLEMAN.

On this evening, Mr. MUNDEN took his last farewell of the public in the characters of *Sir Robert Bramble* and *Dozey*, an exhibition which the present generation will never again witness. At its conclusion Mr. M. addressed the audience to the following effect.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The moment is now arrived when I have to perform the

painful duty of bidding you farewell. When I call to remembrance that five and thirty years have elapsed, since I first had the honor of appearing before you, I am still more forcibly reminded, that I ought to leave the scene for younger and gayer spirits to mingle in. But it is not so easy to shake off in a moment, the habits of years, and you will I know pardon me if I am tedious, as it is for the last time. I carry with me into private life, Ladies and Gentlemen, the deep and indelible remembrance of that kind, that liberal indulgence, with which you have at all times regarded my humble efforts to amuse. I feel that I am "poor in thanks," but your kindness is registered here, and will never be forgotten; and should the recurrence of early association occasionally bring back the veteran comedian to your recollection, he will ask for no higher fame. I thank you most sincerely, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the patience with which you have listened to me, and I now bid you a respectful, a grateful, and a last adieu.

Thus, after nearly fifty years of profitable labour, the old, the true, the unrivalled comedian, has retired from the stage. It would be needless to remark upon the feeling which pervaded the whole house on the final retirement of the veteran: more loud and unaffected testimonials of emotion were never heard within the walls of a theatre. Mr. MUNDEN bears with him into private life the goodwishes of thousands and the consciousness of a reputation, prouder perhaps than that of any of his contemporaries. The expression of his capacity was like that of his face—not one but a hundred—but to do MUNDEN justice we must devote volumes to him. Our opinions have been registered, and it only remains to add our own voice to that of the public in regret for the loss we have sustained.

#### COVENT-GARDEN.

May 24th, *Henry IV, Clari*—25th, *Pride shall have a Fall, No Song no Supper*—26th, *Honey Moon, Marriage of Figaro*—27th, *Charles the Second*,

*Irish Tutor, Miller and his Men*—28th, *Charles the Second, Fortune's Frolic, Clari*—29th, *Charles the Second, Cozening, Hunter of the Alps*—31st, *Pizarro, Spirits of the Moon*—June 1st, *Charles the Second, Cozening, Clari*—2nd, *Pride shall have a Fall, Irish Tutor, Hunter of the Alps*—3rd, *Native Land, Cent per Cent*—4th, *Charles the Second, Castellan's Oath, Fortune's Frolic*—7th *Henry IV, Pantomime*—8th, *John Bull, Castellan's Oath*—9th, *Charles the Second, Cozening, Clari*—10th, *Man of the World, Castellan's Oath*—11th, *Charles the Second, Brother and Sister, Irish Tutor*—12th, *Twelve Precisely, Charles the Second, Brother and Sister*—14th, *King John, Clari*—15th, *Comedy of Errors, Catherine and Petruchio*—16th, *Charles the Second, My own Man, Cozening*—17th, *Richard III, My own Man*—18th, *Romeo and Juliet, My own Man*—19th, *Charles the Second, Fortune's Frolic, My own Man*—21st, *Richard III, My own Man*—22nd, *Charles the Second, Irish Tutor, Clari*—23rd, *Romeo and Juliet, My own Man*—24th, *Clandestine Marriage, High Life Below Stairs* 25th *Comedy of Errors, My own Man*—26th, *Pride shall have a Fall, Charles the Second*—28th *Macbeth, Forty Thieves*—29th, *Clari, Charles the Second, Hunter of the Alps*—30th, *As You Like It, Maid and the Magpie*.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND ;  
or, the Merry Monarch.

We should imagine that dramatic pieces, like lawyers, were to practise in the lower courts before they arrived at the last goal of fame. Hence ' *Clari*' striking the sensibilities of the Surrey auditors, has, strange to say, had the same effect on the more aristocratic feelings of Covent Garden-box visitants ; and ' *Waggery in Wapping*' one of the ten-thousandth pieces of Tom Dibdin, that Lope de Vega of burlettas, is, with a very few alterations, such as taking away the thumping rhyme which used to bounce against Major ears, awakening much charitable mirth by the greeting—introducing a song or two, and rechristening it,—produced as *Charles the Second*, a "three-act Comedy." We think that dramatic literature and female attire have gone hand-in-hand in mutability. Comedy used to possess sterling wit, when ladies wore the graceful appendages of stomachers and hoops; but now, in the days of tortured leghorn and ten muslin flounces, we have Frenchified passion and kick-shaw sentiment to correspond with the novelty of importation and the flimsiness of trimming. In fact, a modern comedy may be compared to a modern summer bonnet—plenty of gauze, pasteboard and lace, with

a very libers' allowance of rose-wreaths or lilies of the valley.—Well, this bonnet, though in itself rather outré when peering over a pretty face, cannot wholly be condemned : we associate the loveliness of the wearer, who possibly, at this moment entraps our judgment with a smile ; and thus we offer our arm, and even entreat the nymph *à faire un tour de promenade*.—' *Charles the Second*' is just such a bonnet—Miss TREE is the wearer, FAWCETT an ornamental oak wreath ; and C. KEMBLE and JONES, lace and sarsnet.—And thus are we tricked, and made to call ' *Charles the Second*' "a comedy;" however, we insist upon a saving clause, despite of Miss TREE's smiling, and are determined at least to name it " a modern comedy."

But few words will suffice for the plot—

*Lady Clara, (Mrs. FAUCIT)* promises *Rochester (JONES)* her hand, conditionally, that he shall entrap his royal master *Charles (C. KEMBLE)* into some scrape, which may tend to cure the king of his nocturnal ramblings, and make him stay with his Queen to champagne and chicken. *Rochester*, made doubly *Rochester* by the "golden fee" of *Lady Clara's* hand, carries *Charles* to "the Grand Admiral," an inn at Wapping, then secures his money, and leaves his majesty in pledge for 25. 10s. The king, having no alternative, gives his watch, whose costliness makes *Captain Copp (FAWCETT)* suspect the king has

not got it by fair means—(Rather satiric this, when thousands are given *so willingly* at the present day for pavilions and pagodas.) The king is then confined while *Captain Copp* seeks the officers of justice. *Charles*, fearing a discovery, leaps out of the window, and regains his palace. *Captain Copp*, with his niece *Mary*, (Miss TREE,) waits upon his majesty with the supposed stolen article, and all is as it should be.

*Charles*, by KEMBLE, was as good-natured as royalty can condescend to be, and wore a jacket and trowsers with much affability. His majesty had but little to do, but where he could be he was “every inch a king,” (always supposing a monarch is a “paragon of animals.”) JONES played *Rochester*. The immoral and witty *Rochester* in this piece bears evident signs of the bible-giving, Sunday-school age—his licentiousness and humour are “reformed altogether;” and the *Earl* is a very civil gentleman, wearing his long curls with much elegance, and his sword, like his wit,—always in the scabbard. We think he has the former weapon; and when we hear the name of *Rochester*, we know he *should* have brilliant fancies; but as we never see them, we charitably make the conditional the positive—and we have no doubt *Rochester* can be very witty when he likes, but does not choose it on the present occasion.—Thus was JONES: he was as able and amusing as mere pleasantry could make him. But the *bonne bouche* of this fricasee or grill of a comedy is FAWCETT’s *Captain Copp*—this is the loop to which ‘*Charles the Second*’ is appended: without it he must have fallen to the bottomless pit. In one piece we see *Charles* saved by an oak tree—in the present he is rescued by an oak man. FAWCETT’s delineation of the old privateer—of his natural bluntness—his intruding sympathies, his honesty, and awkwardness, was a

beautiful contrast (we like to be figurative) of a north-west wind, “gentle dews,” stormy and sunny weather. DURUSET’s *Page* was a little awkward or so—we do not admire that pettish shake of the head—we likewise do not like an actor to speak, like M. Alexandre, in his stomach. “Speak up,” say the sage shilling *Lycurguses*—so say we.—But let us

“—turn from *rakish kings* and  
*courtiers wary*  
To the sweet portrait of Miss TREE’s  
*Mary.*”

We really wish Miss TREE would not be so amiable in her acting—there is but a certain number of words which we can use in praise, and really we have expended them over and over again: we wish with *Daniel Dowlas* that “we could once catch her,”—not “at *put*,” but *at fault*, we could then say something new—but now it is impossible: all that can be remarked is, Miss TREE was as usual fascinating;—and thus being prevented from indulging another strain of present rapture, we must be contented to wait a future occasion—when she will be the creature to whom we shall look back through the clouds of years, and see her, as *Cain* sees the site of Paradise—“gathering a halo round” from the distance. When she shall be one of *our* school, and we shall sit in the pit, with grey hairs, and “spectacles on nose,” giving a splenetic “pish” at the applause to a then favored actress; and we shall exclaim to a younger friend—“Ah, if you had but seen Miss TREE;” Many an old gentleman have we heard ejaculating—“Ah, if you had but seen Mrs. ABINGDON.” And what a pleasure is it to think that the fair representative of *Mary* yields us both present and retrospective delight, Mr. PAIN,

we hear, (though will not avouch it) is guilty of '*Charles the Second.*'

We must not forget the music: it possesses a sweet pensiveness, more sweetly recommended by the *Niece of Captain Copp.*

The agreeable musical piece of "*Brother and Sister*" has been played, in which Miss PATON, as *Donna Isidora*, sang most sweetly. Miss LOVE's *Rosanthe* abounded with her usual careless levity, and pleasing independence:—her song '*Taste, oh taste, this spicy wine,*' was most successful. Miss BEAUMONT likewise formed no mean part of the host of feminine philosophers.

FAWCETT's *Don Christoval* was humorously positive, and BLANCHARD's *Bartolo*, though but little, excellent. DURUSET, as *Don Sylvio*, shewed more animal spirits than we gave him credit for. It is said, MEADOWS was seen practising before OXBERRY's print of HARLEY, the comic "hanging of his nether lip"—this we do not altogether believe, although Mr. M. ducked very low, retreated to the first entrance, then advanced to float, "his very walk was a jig;" but all would not do—there was a something wanting: in fact, MEADOWS was a barometer without quicksilver—a gun without a flint—a handle without a blade.—Try another style, Mr. MEADOWS.

#### RICHARD THE THIRD.

The gentleman to whose "wonderful" talents several of the public prints have so long borne testimony, has at length made his appearance on the London boards; and the event has proved perhaps one of those "checks to proud ambition" of which the good King *Henry*, (for he was good for a king,) complains. The part of *Richard* is usually considered to be

one of such magnitude and difficulty, that it is deemed always hazardous, and sometimes presumptuous, to attempt its delineation—this is a mistaken notion—there is no part more palpable, even to a shallow conception; there is no part more adapted to the second rate style and judgment of the day; or more abounding in what actors of all things are delighted to indulge in—points. It is only hazardous, because one man of surpassing and original power has devoted his whole form and energy to the spirit of *Glo'ster*; because he has fixed his seal upon it, and engrafted his own likeness upon its features for ever. It is this, and not any superiority of intellectual qualification which constitutes its difficulty, as men will say, "he must be a great actor, for he came out as *Richard*," and enlarge the capacity that is brought to it, in proportion to the vanity which governs it, though it requires little else than a good pair of lungs to distinguish it from the common class of endowment. With regard to Mr. KENT's performance of this character, its great defect, amongst a multitude of others, is a want of originality. We have seen it before, at least a dozen times, and by abler men too. Mr. MASON himself would have formed as good a judgment of the part, because he could not mistake it. Yet Mr. K. has done well in selecting *Richard*, because he appears to have impediments which here may be considered advantageous.—a snake-like twisting of the body, a "slovenly, unhandsome" hanging of the leg, a face whose meaning it is difficult to gather, and a voice which has all the flat sepulchral attributes of KEAN's, but without a note of its melody. Of course, from the universal excitement which had been so industriously created,

Mr. KENT was welcomed with enthusiasm; he looked well, and we prepared ourselves for something, not extraordinary perhaps, but great: we listened some eight or ten lines, and were convinced that Mr. K. is not a first-rate actor—again we observed, and we believe Mr. K. never can be what he assumes—he is deficient in *mental* energy, which rant cannot supply. The first soliloquy, besides being copied, was in itself bad, but the scene with *Lady Anne*, the best perhaps in the play, was a most complete and inanimate failure, and might have been done better by a school-boy. *Richard*, in Mr. KENT's hands, is no longer a hypocrite, and *Lady Anne* well merited her fate in resigning herself to such evident villainy; yet we confess Mr. K. spoke the words which were set down for him—a child launching his paper boat upon the stream and defying the winds—Mr. K. only excited the superficial effects of the character; he could shew us that he was a monster, but no *how*. He seems to have plucked a feather from every plume that waves, and thus on the waxen pinion of ambition he has soared into the air; yet this artificial aid had failed him in his flight midway, but that the temporary breath of zealous and untiring partizans held him awhile:—however Mr. K. must descend. The tent scene was likewise totally ineffective—the only redeeming passage was the celebrated point, “Richard's himself again,” and even that was a mannerism of MACREADY. His death, if not quite burlesque, approached very near it, and nothing more of the play could be heard from the approbation and disapprobation which succeeded. The first of these undoubtedly prevailed; but that it was a mere party affair was evident, from a cluster of noisy demagogues in the pit calling for the dead *Richard*, merely to look at him, for not a word could be gathered either from him or ABBOTT. On the whole it was mere minor theatre mediocrity, inflamed by conceit and borrowed vitality, for the best and most pardonable passages were those wherein the imitative sketches of Mr. KENT were most preserved from his own dull caricature; many of the lines were ill read, and the text throughout, whether from ignorance or wilfulness, shamefully nubilated. Of the other actors little need be said. ABBOTT played *Richmond*; and really ABBOTT, from surrounding flatness, seemed a Colossus. YATES, as *Buckingham*, (and it is a high compliment) reminded us once or twice of Mr. YOUNG. CONNOR was noisy in *Tressel*, and EGERTON as *King Henry* satirized the griefs of majesty in the most treasonable manner. MRS. FAUCIT, as the *Queen-mother*, caressed the “little ones” as if they had been *her own*—the distraction of this lady was pleasingly contrasted with the chaste and beautiful performance of Miss KELLY as *Lady Anne*: her effort of this evening is calculated to renew her former claim to our admiration. Miss KELLY was the only performer that seemed to pay any regard to the poetry of Shakspear.

## MACBETH.

We have but little space to notice the *Macbeth* of Mr. YOUNG, and must content ourselves with saying it was a most classical and energetic performance—pure, as high-minded. COOPER's *Macduff* is in many respects good, but we wish he would mingle more of the feelings of the despoiled husband and father with those of the patriot. MASON, as *Malcolm*, is worthy the

present acceptation of a "legitimate."—Well may Mr. MASON say—

"—The king-becoming graces—  
\* \* \* \* \*

I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
*Acting it many ways.*"—

The last line may probably admit of argument as to its pertinence, because, we have no doubt, Mr. M. would be the same if "pouring in sow's blood" as "drinking a cup of sack," desiring the death of "a sed-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle," or ordering the decapitation of rebellious *Buckingham*. The greatest complaint against MASON is his monotonous incapacity. EGERTON, as *Banquo*, acted "like a cat without a tail," and appeared to complain most grievously of the abridgment. BLANCHARD was excellent as one of the *Witches*; and MEADOWS also good. Mr. EVANS played the "bloody man" and a *Murderer*; but the latter character is always observable in every thing of Mr. E. We remember hearing a costermonger enumerate to his slow-paced donkey the many pains he

had been at in order to accelerate the animal's swiftness,—and "after all" ending with an exclamation against the creature's ingratitude. The managers of *Covent Garden* may say the same to Mr. EVANS; for, albeit he was engaged for comic business, they have made him wear lace and spangles, old men's wigs, and assassins' swords; and, "after all," Mr. EVANS—"won't go."

*Lady Macbeth*, by Mrs. BARTLEY, was in some points good; but evinced too great a proneness to rant.

"*The Forty Thieves*" followed the above tragedy, in which there was nothing new if we except MEADOWS singing the cobler's song to the tune of "*All in the Downs the Fleet was nipp'd*": also Miss BEAUMONT can never look the mother of Mr. DURUSET, unless we are to fancy DURUSET as only just short coated. Mrs. Vining's *Morgiana*, like all this lady's pantomime, was excellent. Heaven made Mrs. PEARCE for a woman, and so let her pass, but we do not like her in any thing, "*The Forty Thieves*" included.

## HAYMARKET.

June 14th, *Come if you Can, Lord of the Manor, Fish out of Water*—15th, *Come if you Can, Cure for the Heart Ache, Roland for an Oliver*—16th, *Seeing is Believing, She Stoops to Conquer, My Grandmother*—17th, *School for Scandal, A Year in an Hour, or, Cock of the Walk*—18th, *Seeing is Believing, Belle's Stratagem, Cock of the Walk*—19th, *Rivals, Cock of the Walk*—21st, *Mogul Tale, Sweethearts and Wives, Fish out of Water*—22nd, *Twelve Precisely, Pigeons and Crows, Cock of the Walk*—23rd, *Lord of the Manor, Cock of the Walk, My Grandmother*—24th, *She Stoops to Conquer, Cock of the Walk, Roland for an Oliver*—25th, *Matrimony, Sweethearts and Wives, Family Jars*—26th, *Mogul Tale, Cure for the Heart Ache, Fish out of Water*—28th, *Sweethearts and Wives, Simpson and Co.*—29th, *Matrimony, Way to keep Him, Love Laughs at Locksmiths*—30th, *Lord of the Manor, My Grandmother, Mrs. Smith*.

This establishment opened on the 14th, the usual loyal invocation for success was sung, and King George was again omnipotent.

VOL. 4.

We like to attend the first night of a new season; it is a meeting of old friends, as every he and she enter we shake the hand, and hope

the vacation has been passed pleasantly and profitably. If ever we are inclined to relax from the rigour of criticism it is under the influence of such a meeting—our blood is not always gall—nor our pen a battering engine—therefore we are on such an occasion human, and our pen, though we will not own it to be entirely a goose-quill, —we are willing to allow it all the characteristic good nature without *any* of its stupidity—thus we shake hands and then write—some may think this salutation like that of the prize ring, merely preceding knock-down blows and “*bloody cock’s combs*,” “*they think*—let them think.”

A new prelude called “*Come if you Can*,” began the sports. “*O ! Tommy Dibdin ! Tommy Dibdin oh !*” And is it come to this—we could weep as spirits wept of yore, when Satan fell. We ask “where is the mighty master of loyal song and funny farce, the magic punbroker, and burletta joiner, and Echo answers—*where ?*” “*Past Ten o’Clock*,” “*What Next*,” “*English Fleet*,” &c. &c. your number is completed. Never more shall DIBDIN add a leaf to his hundred tomes of comedy pantomimes, and pantomime comedies. We know not how DIBDIN died; but the Surrey marshes we imagine brought him into a consumption, then a galloping decline ensued, and although he was removed to the salubrious air of the Haymarket, nought could avail, he delivered up the ghost, and “*Come if you Can*” was, although possessing no spirit, damned irrevocably; we would not sacriliciously dig forth its remains, peace be with them. WILKINSON, that excellent copyest of Nature’s most grotesque designs, made his first appearance in “*Come if you Can*”—he had nothing to do; but the liberal greeting of the audience

evinced their knowledge that he can do, if an author does not conspire against him. We trust to see Mr. W. very often, and in parts somewhat better.

“*The Lord of the Manor*” followed. Vining was very pleasantly puppyish as *Young Contrast*, and WILLIAMS excellent as his father. HUCKEL’S *Rashley* was highly respectable—his singing equally so—he should never appear in eccentric comedy. MELROSE acquitted himself of *Trumore’s* music with much sweetness; he is an acquisition to the theatre. We would say to LISTON’S *Moll Flaggan*, “*hold, enough*,” our sides are but human. Perhaps the assertion “the stage is a *mirror*,” was never more strikingly illustrated to Mr. HARLEY, who, seated in the front of the house, beheld Mr. W. WEST as *La Nippe*: the same swagger, projection of chin, arms a-kimbo, &c. but after all it was but the shadow of HARLEY. Madame VESTRIS played *Annette*. Really we were never inclined to think more charitably of Adam’s weakness, which, spell-bound by the fascination of eyes, lips, and sounds; fain would we have been very moral, very severe: we frowned once or twice, but it would not do, therefore we suffered our judgment to be hood-winked, and were passion’s slaves. We were happy again to see Mrs. C. JONES as *Peggy*, a part which she endowed with a peculiar acuteness of semi-mine wit, evidently the emanation of a minute observer of human nature; her singing was also very sweet; we know no one now on the stage whose notes are so simply bland.

“*Fish out of Water*” followed. LISTON again; genius of laughter protect us !

A formidable company is engaged at this theatre, and we doubt not of crowded houses.

## SURREY THEATRE.

We are in long arrear with the minor theatres, and must make an effort to "rub off as we go," for it has become a perfect *pro bono* matter that we venture in them at all. This beautiful theatre (our favorite from old association after all) has been prolific in its novelties, if that can be called novelty which novelty is not—whining damsels, pious youths, tyrants naturally (or rather unnaturally) wicked—with the usual make-weights of "ha's" "oh's," friars, fire and fight. "*Hate, or the Cataract of the Mountain,*" is a fair specimen of the melodrama of the day—obstinately long, and insufferably stupid—still the author is entitled to some favor, for he has shewn some industry, if not much taste, in selecting his dialogue from the most popular trash of the last ten years; and has given us a jargon most ingeniously unintelligible.—The acting of Mrs. W. CLIFFORD and ROWBOTHAM procured the piece a successful run. *Martha the Gypsy*—this is an attempt to embody the (vide play-bill) "brilliant imaginings" of the author of "*Sayings and Doings*," but we suspect ere this our notice is ushered into the world, both body and soul will have gone like *Doctor Faustus* to the devil, where we very sincerely sent them last night—it is an unfortunate affair—if THEODORE has any regard for his nerves he will abstain from looking at it—his "great" conceptions are all still born—the literary elucidation in the play-bill was rendered useless by the developement of the piece; its connection with the HUMBUG school is too palpable to be mistaken, though there were some people who were good natured enough to own that "they dare say it was very well, if they knew what it was about." *Martha*

was sustained by Mrs. SHEPPARD whom we remember at the Coburg some years since—this lady may make some atonement to the house for the loss of Mrs. W. CLIFFORD—her *Martha* wanted power. VALE sang the *Fireman Waterman*; but the brazen badge seemed to us upon his forehead. The only novelty was the appearance of H. KEMBLE, who looked like *Geoffrey Muffincap*, grown a head taller since WILKINSON introduced him to us.

The next piece, "*Nipt in the Bud*," we suspect was never written at all; the actors, with JOHN REEVE at their head, venture on to say any thing, and the sayings of actors whatever their *doings* may be, are seldom very elevated. We traced nothing of the plot, and found that it was abounding in what ADDISON has defined to be "regular confusion." It is true we heard strange sounds, and saw two gentlemen devouring a fowl very naturally. We remember moreover laughing very heartily at a song or two by JOHN REEVE, and saw the physiognomy of a young gentleman designated as a Mr. HONOR (a happy nominal distinction) blushing and expanding in the glow of amiability and sentiment. This gentleman is 'rather tall,' as the song says of the monument, with thin legs and a thin voice, and, as we should judge, leaves the theatre at night unwielded by temptation, walks home, kisses his mother and sisters, and retires, pint-of porterless to his apartment. The last piece about the notorious "*John Faustus*" was of course suggested in a spirit of rivalry to a neighbouring establishment. It has derived little aid from the poetry of its subject, though the names of MARLOW, SHELLEY, GOETHE, &c. are rather familiarly applied. The scenes and dresses are not such as might

have been called into action, and the performance, for the most part, partook of the general dulness. HARWOOD is the *worst* low comedian we ever saw—his happy allusion to their *Majesties of the Sandwich Islands* was pertinent and characteristic. KEMBLE, as the demon *Mephistophiles*, was, as people usually are who continue indisposed, “much the same.” Miss PARROCK looked some encouragement towards us, and Miss HEALEY (if we are justified in saying Miss HEALEY) woke us two or three times by as many verses of a song—but we were nevertheless dozing until the last scene, where the learned *Faust* is consigned over to the “naughty man” as the lady who sat next us whispered to her little boy. And really this scene repaid us for the torture of the whole evening.—the acting of ROWBOTHAM in the over-reaching scholar is a fine picture of melodrama upon tiptoe.—another tug, and the strings of romance must have broken, and what ensues but the ridiculous? the line was scarcely perceptible, yet Mr. R. preserved it, and has not only proved himself to be, what we always thought him, an actor of acute conception, but has discovered powers *equal* in all, and in a certain line *superior* to any actor on the minor boards. A little restraint upon the impetuosity of emphasis would add to the effect of his general performance, ladies in fits, and critics astounded—this is going to far, for we were astounded for two or three minutes, and upon returning to the level of human life, we found the curtain down, and ourselves instinctively joining in a most terrific peal of applause.

#### COBURG THEATRE.

The audiences at this theatre (we know not how the actors may

feel themselves) have been extremely *thin*; and yet every effort has been made by the management to deserve and secure public encouragement. As an instance of this we refer to the engagement of “the celebrated” Mr. COBHAM, for whose introduction to the public we, with all humility and respect, present our acknowledgments to the (in turn) “celebrated” Mr. BURROUGHS. Yet to turn from the theatre to Mr. COBHAM: we think in the first place he has not done well in his appearance at the Coburg, it is a damp, unhappy, designing theatre, “an unweeded garden that grows to seed”—nobody flourishes there but BRADLEY and his broad sword—even HUNTLEY at this house played without effect, and the unforgetten Miss TAYLOR awakened none of those answering testimonies that announced the fidelity of her *Jeannie Deans*. In the next place, Mr. BURROUGHS is the *pro tempore* manager; and every theatre goes to ruin when this gentleman sets his foot within it. We do not speak of him as an actor, but Mr. B. is an unlucky man, (we hate unlucky men,) but we pity him from our soul. We will now return to the theatre. The play-bill (who is the author?) announced to us in the most eloquent and startling terms, the production of a new poetical—(what?) poetical melodrama—with new, &c.—long time, &c.—GOETHE, P. B. SHELLEY, LORD GOWER, author of the *present piece*, &c. Spirit of ELLISTON protect us! but lo, here is the piece, something more dramatic, but upon the whole less effective than its fellow *Faustus* of the Surrey, despite the “note of dreadful preparation,” and the lake of fire which terminated all. Mr. COBHAM, as *Faust*, sustained a very high claim to our commendation, and we gladly hail his re-

turn to the London boards. Mr. C.'s acting is replete with what melodramatic acting is most deficient in, feeling and judgment—these are the result of a long acquaintance with better things than the Coburg dramas. His voice is sonorous, his features strongly expressive, though not perhaps *too* flexible—there is sometimes however, a “laughing devil in his sneer,” which we cannot consider applicable to the scene—a frequent recurrence destroys the effect—Mr. C.'s *exits* also are ill-managed, to say the least of them, he is nevertheless a very talented actor, but certainly *too legitimate* for this house. The poetry of the character (and therewere some half dozen lines preserved) was appreciated by the discrimination of the actor. Mr. BENGOUGH is entitled to our praise for his classical performance of *Mephistophiles*, it was certainly no common affair that called for the exercise of his judgment—he has studied the etchings of *Faust* to the curl of the lip, and the depending feather of his plume. Mr. BROWN is a melancholy mirth-maker; he contrives most industriously to conjure up the blue devils. The *Margaret* of Miss WATSON puzzles us to say which she belongs to, the gay or the grave. The rest of the piece, with the exception of one or two effective scenes, were “all but leather and prunello.”

The next in degree was “*The Battle of Trafalgar*,” a dull, noisy, unconnected medley, about British valour and British prosperity.—These things are highly flattering, for every body conceives them personal. We had not the good fortune to witness the *Admiral Nelson* of Mr. BURROUGHS. JERVIS was certainly sufficient, and his face is well calculated to complete a representation of our gallant countryman. The former gentleman

must be far too amiable—the loss of an arm, and other deficiencies of graceful demeanour, must tend to destroy “the glass of fashion and the mould of form,” where Mr. B. so eminently excels. BRADLEY was sufficiently uncivilized for the English sailor, although as usual there appeared to us “something in it *more* than natural,” (for the peculiar information of Mr. B. this last phrase is quoted from *Hamlet*.)

A pantomime followed, but perceiving BLANCHARD was to officiate as *Pantaloone*, we had not courage to encounter it.

### VAUXHALL.

This temple of art is again thrown open to the disciples of fashion, magnificence, and social enjoyment—this couch of the voluptuary,—a bower for the beautiful, the real houri of our earthly heaven—a palace of fine enchantment, into which are gathered the very glories of existence, consecrated by the genii of our isle, shaped into a dazzling fabric by their hands, interwoven with a thousand webs, wherein as many beauties lie concealed as in the leaves of flowers. Here may be alike realized the vision of noon-day, and the delicacy of a mid-summer-night's dream rendered more intoxicating by convincing certainty: yet the sounds we listen to scarcely seem of the world; and you, ye lights, that illumine our way, and attract us, like clustered stars, within your circle, are ye indeed the work of mortal hands? unrivalled, save in the happy eyes wherewithal ye blend your beams, giving and receiving lustre! Here may be seen the votary of passion clinging and luxuriating; and here the observer of things, feasting his eyes and ears on the flood of song and light—the one the music of the spheres, the other as of a

hundred moons, floating, mingling, and revolving: in this path we encounter the philosophic eye, rich perhaps in the conceptions of nature, enjoying the diversion, not turning from its vanity-nature, is adorned and honored in this accomplishment of her children; and here we meet the mute looks of astonishment, the waving forms and gliding steps of the ardent and young, with faces lit up from without and within, and eyes—oh! they have much to answer for!—incendiary eyes—that light with an electric torch the anxious fuel of our hearts, and leave us to extinguish it as we may. Could our first parents (envied naturals!) compromise their naked uncivilization, and pay one visit to this little world, this Eden of art, how must they blush (blushing was used in *their* days) for their old-fashioned *tête-a-tête*, and fig-leaf full dress. Yet they might perversely prefer their fruits and streams, the birds' music and simple moonlight—and perhaps rightly after all; at all events, these leave no “craving void” (as Pope somewhat blunderingly expresses it) in the purse, nor expiatory head-ache in the moruning, for being very happy the night before.

The gardens of Vauxhall present an appearance at least as splendid as that of any former season. The orchestra is brilliantly and tastefully decorated: a large projecting shell has been added to the front, supported by burnished lyres, and surrounded in fanciful profusion by other emblematical devices, richly illuminated. The whole has a most superb effect. Some alteration, though not, in every instance, improvement, has taken place in the entertainments.—The *Cosmorama*, but for the crowds that encircled it, and the incessant appeals to our gallantry from feathered dames and tene-

cious protectors, might have been rather interesting:—as it was, we caught a slight glimpse of the Esquimaux and Captain Parry, elbowed our way to the storming of *Algiers*, and eventually escaped unhurt, save in our optics by a smudge painting of the *Battle of Waterloo*, and the “great captain of the age,” (“heaven save the mark!”). Then there is the *Cave of Fingal* instead of *Vesuvius*, ill painted and ineffective. The ballet of the *Chinese Wedding* is got up with spirit, and executed with elegance—one of the comic dances was droll enough, and its noise relieved the tediousness of the time. Shakspere has said the “foot speaks;” we are not conversant in the language, consequently these things are somewhat unintelligible. The ballet is however a very amusing feature in the entertainments. The *Concert* is conducted as usual, and by the same means; we heard little change whether in voice or music: the old favorites are retained, and the old airs set before them. PYNE, NELSON, Miss TUNSTALL, MALLINSON, &c. exerted themselves successfully, and *Polly Hopkins* was greeted as though (like MATHEWS' jokes) they “never heard it before.” Then there are the *Fantoccini* by Mr. GREY, and the *Fireworks* by SOUTHBY, and the ascent of BLACKMORE, and what is wanting to render Vauxhall as completely the seat of elegant resort as on any former occasion. The weather has been unfavorable, but the gardens have nevertheless been fashionably attended. The wines and refreshments are on the same excellent and reasonable arrangement (this is a consideration) which has constituted so great an improvement during the later seasons, and every thing bespeaks the taste and liberality of the proprietors.

THE  
**MIRROR OF THE STAGE,**  
AND  
**New Theatrical Inquisitor:**  
CONSISTING OF  
**ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,**  
**OBITUARIES**  
ON THE  
**NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS:**  
**ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,**  
&c. &c. &c.

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**BIOGRAPHICAL** Memoir of Mr. Cobham—his provincial career—singular occurrence while at Woolwich—his abilities as Stage Manager—his merits as an actor and singer—his competition with Mr. Kean—remarks on his late appearance at Covent Garden, and on his present engagement.  
**MINORIES**, No. 12, Mr. Rowbotham.

**THEATRICAL DIARY.**

List of the Nightly Performances.

**DRURY LANE**—Unprecedented prolongation of the season—critique on the appearance of Madame Catalani—Belle's Stratagem—Miss Paton's Letitia Hardy—Elliston's Doricourt—Downton, Browne, Mercer, Archer, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Harlowe, &c. &c.

**COVENT GARDEN**—All in the Wrong—Mr. Kemble, Jones, Egerton, Baker, Miss Chester, Mrs. Chatterley, &c.—Frankenstein; Cooke, Bennet, Keeley, &c. Singing of Miss Melville and Mr. Mears—Imitations, &c. &c.—Love a-la-mode, Graham, Ward, &c.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE**—Married and Single, Farren, Cooper, Vining, Pope, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. C. Jones, &c. &c.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE**—New Pantomime—Ellar and Grimaldi—Military Tactics, Bartley, Power, Wrench, Pearman, Miss Povey—The Devil's Bridge, Mr. Braham's Count Belino, Mr. Bennet, Cooke—remarks on the first appearance of C. F. Young the American performer; Keeley, Miss Noel, Miss Kelly, &c. &c.—The Barber of Seville; Mr. Phillips, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Bartley, Miss Harvey's debut—Maid and Magpie, Miss Kelly's Annette.

**SURREY THEATRE**—Bertram, Huntley, Cartligh, Haines, Mrs. Sheppard, Miss Kimbell—Blanca Rubea, Rowbotham, Young, Harwood, Hemmings, &c.—Falls of Clyde, &c.

**COBURG THEATRE**—Mr. Cobham, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Bengough, Mr. Davidge, &c.—M.P. Mr. Le Clerq, Lewis, Mrs. Davidge, &c.—Wallace, Mr. Cobham's performance of that character—Miss Watson, Mrs. Maceen, &c. &c.

**VAUXHALL**—Its deserved popularity, &c. &c.

**THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT**—Provincials, Expenses of a Festival at Bath—Edinburgh, Perth, Dublin, &c. &c.

*Embellished with an elegantly engraved Portrait of*

**MR. COBHAM,**  
*As Wallace.*

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## Theatrical Chit Chat.

### TRICKERY OF MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

We copy the following extraordinary statement from an Evening paper, the Editor of which very properly, and very ably argues, that it is a mockery to call these things "Charity," for our own parts we hope, for the credit of human nature, it is untrue.

#### BATH.

Catalina, from London .....	£500
Salmon, ditto .....	200
Braham, ditto .....	200
Sir G. Smart, Conductor ditto....	150
Loder, who superintended the whole arrangement, and led also .....	150
Misses George and Love, £30 each .....	60
Sapiro and Lindley, from London, £50 each .....	100
Phillips and Robe, £30 each .....	60
One hundred vocal & instrumental performers, £3 each .....	300
A trumpeter, three trombones, double drums, &c. from London .....	100
<hr/>	
	£1,820

The above is independent of printing, which must have been considerable, exclusive of the erection of the orchestras, galleries, &c. at the church and rooms, and without allowing a farthing for servants, porters, refreshments for the principal performers, and so on.

Supposed Receipts .....

£2000

Supposed Expenditure .....

1820

Remainder for charity, printing, orchestra, &c. .... £ 180

Died, on the 18th instant, at Bath, Mr. STANTON, formerly and for many years manager of the Preston, Lancaster, and many other Theatres in the North of England.

#### DUBLIN THEATRE.—July 8th, 1824.

—The Theatre was attended last evening by a crowded and elegant audience. Miss TREE, of Covent Garden Theatre, made her first appearance for the season, as *Sophia*, in the Opera of "The Lord of the Manor." She was received with loud and marked applause. Her first song, the introduced ballad, *No.*

*joy without my love*, was given with the purest taste, and in a strain of delightful harmony; it called forth an unanimous *encore*.

Miss TREE and Mr. SINCLAIR introduced the duet, *Though you leave me now in sorrow*. It was sang with great feeling, and was loudly and deservedly *encored*. *Love among the roses*, by Mr. SINCLAIR, also called forth a general *encore*.

"*Clari*" followed; Miss TREE's personation of the *Maid of Milan* is already well known to our Theatrical readers, and as generally admired. She was last night as successful as on any former occasion. Her song of *Sweet Home* was listened to with almost breathless attention, and was followed by an unanimous *encore*. Mrs. HUMBY's character of *Vespina*, is not the least amusing part of this piece: her song, *Little Love is a mischievous boy*, was loudly applauded.

PERTH.—July 1st, 1824.—Mr. RYDER opened the Theatre on Monday, but with little prospect of a successful campaign, though he has enriched his company with the splendid talents of Mrs. DAVISON.

EDINBURGH THEATRE.—July 6th, 1824.—On Saturday evening, Miss PATTON took her benefit. A tremendous overflow signified the estimation in which her unrivalled powers are held by the citizens of Edinburgh. Last night, Mr. WALLACK, of Drury Lane, made his first appearance on our boards, as *Rolla*, in "Pizarro." This gentleman's figure is good, and his countenance pleasing. He sustained the part of the Peruvian chief with great correctness, and considerable feeling. Certainly there did seem to be a little want of the simple and natural dignity of the generous American, and the whole performance was more distinguished by elegance than force. But there were, notwithstanding, a number of striking points in it; and the audience acknowledged their merit by a very hearty applause.